[illegible] Lover, or, A new way of Wooing.

A merry conceited Young-man being in company with a Proud, Scornful, Jec
ing Lasse at St. Albones, he taking notice of her person and Carriage, presen
ly Composes this paper of Verses, as he thought suitable to her deserts; h
way lying to London, threw the song into a Stationers shop, as soon as h
found them, gets it printed for profit, and sends them through England fo
pleasure; when the Young man returned back, he presented a Ballad to h
Mistriss and departed.

Though London Girls have many Rimes and Catches,
Yet often times they do meet with their matches.

To the Tune of the Zealous Lover, or, A Fig for France, &c.

AS through St. Albones I did pass
I heard a scornful Tickney Lasse
From London thither came to dwel;
For pride she others did excel,
She often us'd to mock and jeer
Some Young men of Northampton-shire,
Till at the last an honest lad,
Did jeer this wench and made her mad.

Quoth he, I'me but a simple Youth
Yet I delight to speak the truth;
Observe my Language seriously
It's clearly void of flattery,
And that you'l say is very strange,
When Lovers Complements do change,
For some young men praise their sweet hearts
Much higher than their true deserts.

Then give me leave and I'le prepare
My foolish fancy to declare,
And set forth thy imperfect parts
That never gained young mens hearts;
I ne're saw Phenix in my days,
Therefore thy beauty I'le not praise
Then prethee ben't so coy to me
For I am not so fond of thee.

Thy scurby scornful rouling Eyes
Of my heart ne're shall make a prize,
Thy beetle Brows and tallow face
Makes young men run from thee a pace;
Thy hair is like my Sorrels mane
The words I speak are very plain,
Or rather like unto Jane Shore,
Which makes me think thoult be a whore,

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When thou dost smile I think thy lips
Look like a basket full of Chips,
Thou canst not smile as Maidens do
When Young men come in Love to woe,
Thy voice is shrill, thy speeches bold
Shews thou wilt be an ugly scold,
Then prethee ben't so coy to me
For I am not so fond of thee.

Thy looks at first made my desire
I could have thrown thee in the fire,
Thy heart without doth shine so bright
It vext me when I heard thee nam'd,
No happiness I ere could see
Whilst I was in thy company,
No Love to thee can be allow'd
Thou always art so devilish proud.

I will not promise much content
To thee although thou dost consent;
If thou yield to be my sweet heart,
Ile make thee go to Plow and Cart,
And drive Lawrence quite away
Which is better for thy health than play,
Then prethee ben't so coy to me.
For I am not so fond of thee.

The Ladies that in Court do dwell
In gallant Clothes shall thee excel,
They wear rich Sattens fine and brave,
And Linsey-Woolsey thou shalt have;
So musick thou art like to hear
But in the Spring time of the year;
Better speak truth without a Lye
Than promise much and falsifie,

Whilst Lovers walk on pleasant plains
I tread my Love through dirty Lanes,
Our hedges, ditches, mires and bogs
I hear the Musick of the Frogs.

Sometimes we'l tumble on the grass,
Thats pleasure for a London Lasse;
What saist thou canst thou fancy me?
Speak or avoid my company.

If thou wilt yield to be my Wife,
Ile buy my Girl a penny Knife,
Ile travel Europe ere I have done
To find my Love a Whistle spoon
A Baby or some costly Knack,
That thou maist keep it for my sake
If thou dost slight me in this case
Ile dash my shoes about thy face.

If that thou wilt not yeild to me
Ile set my Little Dog on thee,
A Dog with Ladies much in fame
And little Cupid is his name;
If Cupid at thee barks and bite,
Hee'l make thee Love me day and night,
But if thou canst not fancy me,
Ine're shall die for Love of thee

In our Country there's gallant Girls
That wear their weight in gold and pearls
Because they're Gracious Chaste and fair,
No Girls in London can compare
With them, when they are right in tune
Their cheeks are like the Rose in June,
O such a Lass what ere betide
I'le chuse to be my loving bride.

Farewell thou scornful Drab quoth he,
Thou never shalt intangle me
Pluck off thy patches and thy Paint
For thou art but a seeming Saint,
Remember Pride will have a fall,
I speak to scornful Damsels all,
If I have done thee any wrong
Speak now or ever hold thy tongue.

London Printed for I. Clark, at the Bible and Harp in West Smith-field.